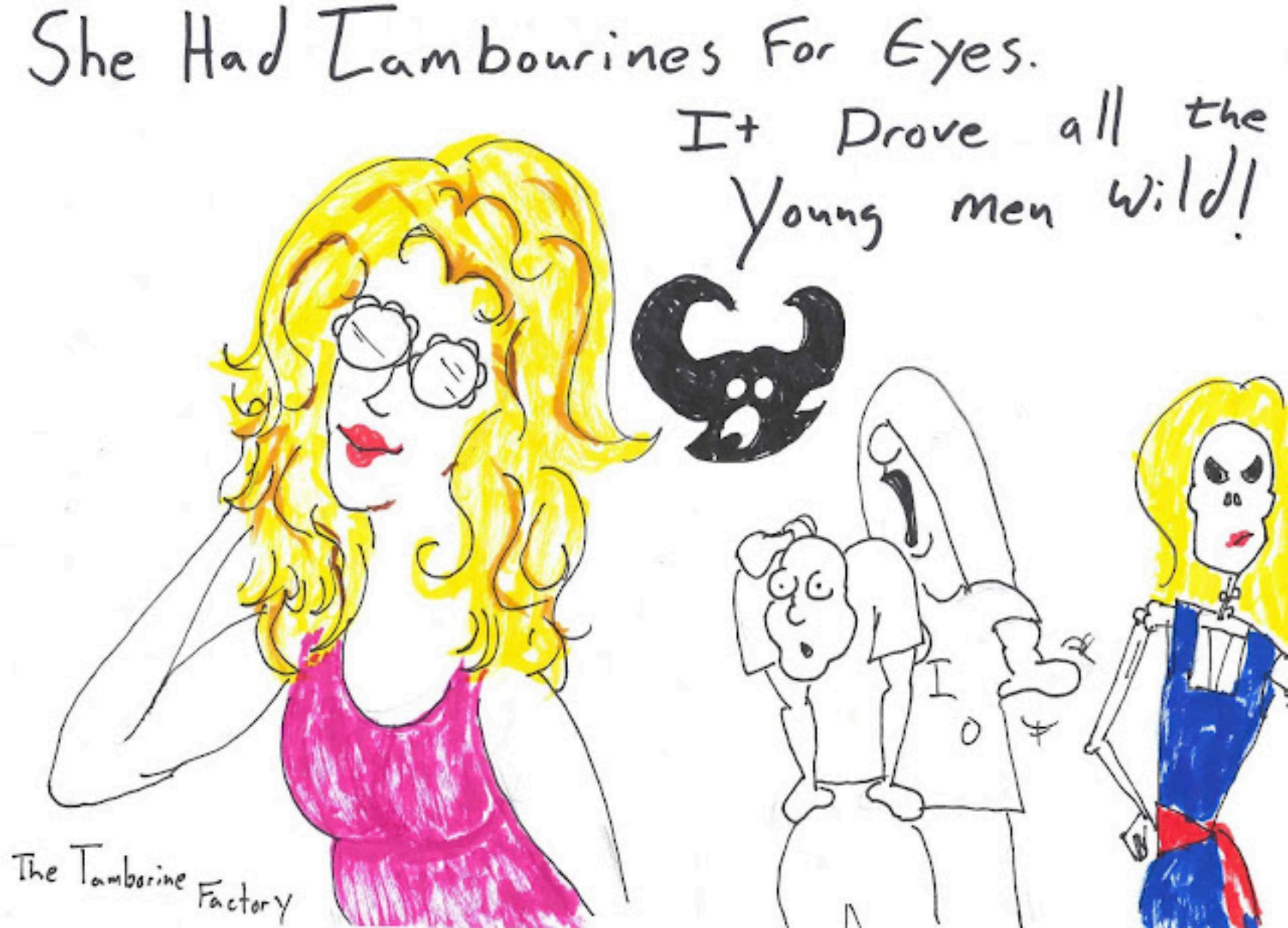
She Had Tambourines For Eyes.
It Drove all the Young men Wild!
I ♥ U
The Tamborine Factory

Ask any man to recall his first love and even the hardest, most jaded specimen of masculinity will grow soft around the eyes and the corner of his lips will twitch. Indeed, he may then tell you to get lost or to mind your own; or maybe just brush you off with a grunt, but the damage will have been done. The memories recalled and his weakness exposed.

And a tiny sliver of his grey, barren soul will sparkle under the light of romance.

Now ask any woman the same.... It is likely she'll look concerned as you've tasked her memory. *First love? What does that mean?* Then, after flipping through the index file in her heart, she'll return with what was not the first - for that may be too hurtful or even ridiculous to recall - instead she'll regale you with anecdotes of her *favorite* love.

She'll smile warmly and her eyes will shine bright; but at her core, she is dishonest. The sparkle may be there, but she's in total control of where the light shines and what it exposes.

And that is not romance.

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I once read a passage - I forget the author and the work, but I believe the gentleman who wrote it was from India - and he said something along these lines:

A woman is a creature who will talk to one man, while looking at another, and dream about a third.

To that, I would add:

And she's got a fourth buried somewhere with a knife through his heart and his lips sewn together.